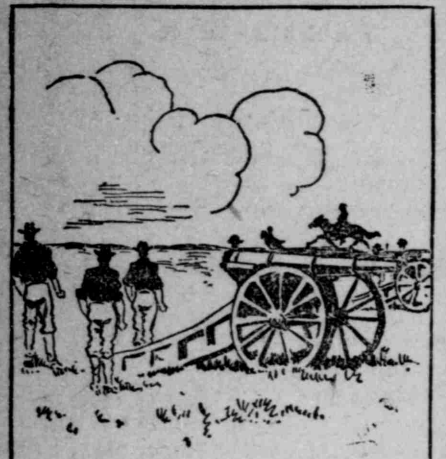


## FIGHT UNSEEN FOE

REMARKABLE CONDITIONS OF MODERN WARFARE.

All the Pomp and Glory of the Old-Time Battlefield Has Departed—Even the Artillery Remains Invisible.

It is a long hark from the Macedonian phalanx to the infantry battle in open order, just as long as from the short bronze sword or the javelin to a shrapnel or a machine gun. The manner of putting infantry into the zone of action is an illustration. The men march easily and silently along in the valleys, exposing themselves only when absolutely necessary. Not a flag is used, not a bugle note is



Field Battery Waiting for Orders.

heard. The men move silently as death and wait as patiently. Hours laze by and no foe comes. Night comes and there is still no foe, but the waiting men, weary with vigil and anxious to kill, are always alert. They sleep in their positions while the outposts watch for them, and when morning comes the tireless eyes are still looking.

Suddenly the enemy's line slips into view from an unexpected quarter. The men crawl back into the shelter of the hill out of view and run—not at the enemy, but for a new hidden position in the foe's front. They again wiggle into line, load their pieces and wait. On comes the foe, not on a run, not massed to resist a shock in close order, but scattered far apart in a thin line, the color of the land about him. His line lets through as many bullets as possible. Every knoll and clump is taken advantage of and the advancing foe is never in sight when he doesn't absolutely have to be. Still he comes with the deliberation of murder. He knows the enemy is somewhere ahead; that many of his brave line will die and he is using every device that will save a single life.

The oncoming command halts a moment. The officers talk quietly. The force deploys even more. There is a word of command and the force comes on, now some 700 yards from the waiting foe. Instantly there is a sputter on the hill. A company has fired a volley. The men below quicken their pace a bit. Another volley. They run a few steps; an officer swears and they walk again. Then they catch sight of the crouching enemy on the hill. They throw themselves to the ground and fire again and again. They go forward a few rods and keep firing. They take the hill or are turned back beaten. No one shouts or runs. It is as mechanical and cool as destiny.

Artillery is more spectacular, but just as calm. The batteries choose the same secret way of going into action. Most of the time they open on you, if you are the foe, from a quarter totally unexpected. Finding a suitable position, the guns are dragged up and masked in the long grass. A pit is dug along, leaving the muzzles only a foot or so above the ground; a little ammunition is brought up and the field pieces are loaded. Then all horses and nearly all the men are taken back to a position of shelter as near by as possible and the battery is ready. It has never once been seen.

Meanwhile, suppose you are with the enemy, nearly three miles away. You see infantry forming away off in front of you ready to attack, but you never dream of the artillery. While your eyes are leveled on the slowly coming foot soldiers, suddenly there is a boom and a shell bursts near you. You look away off at the smoke rising from a hill. Another dense white column thrusts itself out toward you; ten seconds later you hear the report of the cannon and the shell is on the way. Possibly it hits you before the report is heard. The battery keeps on hammering while the infantry sneaks up on you. If the guns are good you lose.

And this is war—war where you never see your enemy's face.

## Grange Does Big Business.

The Kennebec Journal tells of the second largest grange in the country, that at Moulton, Me., which has 951 members. Its co-operative store has 13,000 square feet of floor space. Last year it did a business of \$115,000, and it is expected to increase the amount to \$150,000 the present year. This store was established ten years ago with a capital of \$140, all borrowed money. Its manager receives a salary of \$1,000 and hires his own help. In connection with the store are a grist mill, a blacksmith shop and a starch factory, all operated for the benefit of patrons only. There is a life insurance company in connection with the grange, which carries \$3,000,000 risks.

## EARLY ROAD BUILDING.

How a Wretched Pennsylvania Turnpike Was Improved.

The desire to speculate a hundred or more years ago was apparently as great as it is today. An example of this is shown by the organization of a company in 1792 to build a turnpike from Philadelphia to Lancaster, Pa., a distance of sixty miles. The charter was secured, and in ten days 2,285 subscribers made application for stock. As this was more than the law allowed, the names were placed in a lottery wheel, and 600 were drawn. With these subscriptions the work began. The road builders of that day knew little or nothing regarding the construction of highways, and the ridiculous mistakes made on this occasion taught them some valuable lessons, says Guy Elliott Mitchell in the American Cultivator. The land was condemned, the trees felled and the roadbed prepared. The largest stones that could be found were dumped upon it for a foundation, and upon this colossal base earth and gravel were spread. Then the work was declared complete, but when the washing rains came deep holes appeared on every hand, sharp stones protruded from the surface, and the horses received scratches and broken limbs as they sank between the boulders up to their knees.

The gigantic error of the road builder was then made plain. Indignation meetings were held, at which the turnpike company was condemned and the legislature blamed for giving the charter. Had it not been for an Englishman who offered to rebuild the turnpike on the macadam plan, as he had seen roads built in the "old country," improved road construction would have received a severe blow. The Englishman's proposition was accepted by the company, and he was successful in completing the Lancaster and Philadelphia turnpike road, which was then declared to be "the best piece of highway in the United States, a masterpiece of its kind."

## NEW ROAD MACHINE.

Grading Attachment That Can Be Put Upon Any Traction Engine.

Streets of Holdrege, Neb., have been improved and beautified by a very unique and eminently practical road and street grading machine, the invention of Elijah A. Hollenbeck of Funk, Neb. The machine was built by Mr. Hollenbeck himself, and notwithstanding its crudity of construction, owing to lack of facilities for turning out the proper kind of work, it has proved a success and a money maker from the very start, says the Omaha World-Herald. It is in fact a road grading attachment, so constructed that it can readily be put upon any ordinary make of traction engine.

The machine is very simple in its construction and seldom ever gets out of order or causes any annoyance to the operator. It consists of a frame attached to the boiler and running gear of the engine. On the left side, directly in front of the large drive wheel, is a beam carrying the plow. The furrow cut by the plow is just outside of the tread of the drive wheel of the engine, enabling the operator to cut a straight bank to any length desired. The dirt is dropped from the moldboard upon a belt conveyor passing under the boiler of the engine and deposited in the middle of the street or road to make the grade. The outer end of this elevator can be raised or lowered to meet requirements.

Mr. Hollenbeck, the inventor, is a young farmer who has lived on a farm all his life. He has had no special training as a machinist, his only education in that line being that gleaned from practical experience in operating thrashing machines and other kinds of farm machinery.

## Keep Out of Rut—Save Roads.

It is not unlikely that American farmers who have with them always the question of good roads and how to maintain them may find in the following order, which was issued by the Panama canal commission to officers and men on the isthmus, a suggestion of how carelessness contributes to making good roads bad and bad roads worse. The order says:

"Notices have been posted at the corals, and the corral foremen have instructed teamsters that the custom of wagons following in one another's tracks must be discontinued. Considerable of the maintenance work on the macadam roads, especially during the wet season, is made necessary by wagons wearing deep ruts. The teamsters have been instructed to distribute travel over the full width of the highways, and it is believed that the cost of road repairs will be much reduced as soon as compliance with these instructions becomes general."

## Grading a Roadbed.

It is simply extraordinary the lack of judgment shown by many who undertake to shape a roadbed. The road allowance in various states is six to six feet. In rounding up the roadbed the earth is sometimes moved toward the center from nearly the entire distance of the width of the road. This means that the ditches for carrying away the water are not distant from the fences that hedge in the highway. The roadbed is entirely too wide. It cannot be sufficiently rounded toward the center, and as a result water does not run off with sufficient quickness. The temptation to spoil roads by grading them thus is all the stronger since road graders have come into use. This result follows from the comparative quickness with which the earth can be moved by these machines. A distance of forty-two to forty-five feet between the outer edges of the ditches furnishes a roadbed sufficiently wide.

## MISTAKE AS TO OWNERSHIP

Belated Discovery That Caused Lady to Understand Embarrassment of the Fat Man.

A woman slipped a dime into her glove on her left hand. She would be at the subway in a moment and the dime so placed would facilitate matters. As she passed the foot of the bridge extension by the city hall the ring of a coin as it struck the pavement reached her ears. She saw a dime rolling at her feet.

A fat man, subway bound, also heard and saw it. Both stopped to pick it up. She was first. His hand only fanned the dust from the sidewalk.

"I beg your pardon," he said as he straightened up rather red in the face.

"Not at all," she said. "I thank you for your courtesy." Then she hurried down the stairs.

Seated in an express train, her gloved hand involuntarily went up to her hair. A dime dropped in her lap. Then she understood.

Outside the fat man slowly closed his mouth. Then he hit Broadway in a northerly direction.—N. Y. Sun.

## CERTAINLY.



The Beloved One—You object to Horace because he's not business-like. Stern Parent—Certainly, he's only after you for your money.

Beloved One—Well, pa, doesn't that prove he's business-like?

## SCIENCE AS A HOBBY.

Vary the routine of daily labor by cultivating a scientific hobby is the advice of Prof. S. P. Thompson, who reminds us that much of the world's scientific work has been done by amateurs. For instance, William Herschell, the astronomer, was a music teacher; William Gilbert, author of De Magnete, was a medical man; Dr. W. H. Dallinger, authority on the microscope, was a clergyman, and William Sturgeon, inventor of the electromagnet, was a shoemaker.

## COMPENSATION.

Nervous Passenger (on lake steamer)—It must be terrible to think of an accident happening to the boat while you are away down there in that hole.

Stoker—It's just the other way, ma'am. If the boat sinks I won't have to go through more'n about half as much water as you will 'fore I git to the bottom o' the lake.

## GIVING HIM A CHANCE.

It was night. They—he and she—were sitting on the porch, looking at the stars.

"You know, I suppose," he whispered, "what a young man's privilege is when he sees a shooting star?"

"No," she answered. "I haven't the slightest idea. There goes one."

## SEEING BOTH SIDES.

"Why are you always contending for shorter hours?" asked the capitalist.

"Because," answered the workingman, earnestly, "so many statesmen are looking for my vote that I want more time to read the speeches."

## BREVITY'S VALUE.

"An author should always strive to use short words," said the man who admires literary simplicity.

"Yes," answered the busy magazine editor, "when you get a dollar apiece for 'em, the smaller they are the bigger the profit."

## HER USUAL PLACE.

"Did you find out what caused that auto accident?"

"Not exactly, but when we lifted the machine and cleared away the wreckage we found that a woman was at the bottom of it."—Houston Post.

## JENNINGS ON THE STUMP.

Freckled-Faced Leader of the Detroit Tigers Is Full-Fledged Politician Now.

DETROIT, MICH., Oct. 28.—Hughy Jennings, manager of the Detroit Tigers, will enter the political arena and will stump the city with Mayor Tom L. Johnson, of Cleveland, in favor of the re-election of Mayor William B. Thompson.

Mayor Thompson has arranged to hold meetings in large circus tents, and the attractions, besides Jennings and Tom Johnson, will be the Rev. Herbert E. Bigelow, of Cincinnati, and City Clerk Peter Witt, of Cleveland, all of which means the last week of the campaign will have all the earmarks of a marvelous circus maximus.

Early last spring Mayor Thompson promised Jennings that if he would make his home in Detroit he would make him assistant corporation counsel at the close of the baseball season, and it begins to look as though Jennings will accept.

## A WONDERFUL NEW DISCOVERY.

One of the most wonderful discoveries of recent years is the process of metallizing vegetable substances. This is a discovery of Prof. L. G. Delamothé, a noted French Electrochemist, who, after 15 years of arduous labor and at great cost, perfected what scientists have labored for a hundred years to produce. One of the many novel purposes for which this secret process is used is the metallizing of roses, by which live roses are actually turned entirely into metal, and then finished in attractive colorings and mounted on Hat Pins. Of course there are no two Hat Pins alike, for no two roses are the same. It is difficult to conceive anything more beautiful or artistic. One of the stores here has these Real Rose Hat Pins on exhibit, and they certainly are worth seeing.

## DATE OF PRIMARY CHANGED.

BARBOURVILLE, Ky., Oct. 28.—The Republican Committee has changed the date of the primary election in Knox county from January 5, 1909, to December 5, 1908.

Speak for Themselves.  
Brave actions never want a trumpet.  
—Spanish Proverb.

## You Cannot Answer These Questions!

1—Why do you continue bathing your knees and elbows one at a time, when you can stretch out in a full bath tempered to suit you, and can do so every morning if you wish?

2—Why pump and carry water for your kitchen and laundry work when you can have it at hand for the turning of a faucet?

3—Why take chances on drinking germ-filled cistern water when you can get it from a large reservoir filtered through the best filter plant South of the Ohio River?

4—Why have a dry, dismal-looking yard when you can have it filled with green grass and blooming flowers, and can at the same time get rid of the dust in the street?

5—Why suffer other inconveniences when you can have everything for the comfort and health of your family right in the house?

6—Is it not true that the answer is not "lack of money," but lack of economy and enterprise and indifference to getting the most out of life?

C. F. ATTERSALL, Superintendent

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CAPITAL, \$100,000

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J. M. HODGKIN, Cashier.

J. L. BROWN, President.

L. B. COCKRELL, Vice President.



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